MY DESERTER.

ruelly down on the little unsheltere platform as my guard and I hurried dong the line of first-class carriages the line of first-class carriage was little choice of travellu ns for me that night. Three noisy youths playing dummy whist on a cushion; a lady with nurses and babies who greeted me with a warning hooping-cough" as I prepared to whose compartment released a fine or of mingled garlic and patchouli, and who greeted me with an unsancti-fied leer from the depths of his fur-lined coat; ladies at last, but too my of them, and not a place to spare

r me; then an empty compartment. "You'll be all right here till we get to Newstead junction, miss," my pro-tector assured me, "and I'll see after you there." So hastily stowing in rugs, travelling-bags, umbrella, and railway literature, he drew up the window and shut me in, alone with my ill-

I was in an evil mood-a mood of blackest, sourcest discontent with things in general—which had begun with the arrival of the first post that morning bringing my summons to return home.

A brief, imperative, altogether unreasonable recall, hurrying me away from the very maddest, merriest time of the brightest bit of the season, half my en-gagements unfilled and half my pretty toilettes unworn, back to town in the

middle of September.

I had been staying with Connie, my very dearest friend, a pretty young bride, during a sort of appendix to her honeymoon, an extra month at the sea-nide before her Oscar returned to his law-books and briefs. They were a very festive young couple, with a large circle of acquaintances and no desire for romantic seclusion. Only to-night we were all to have gone in a large party to the race ball. Oscar's brother was coming from Scotland, breaking off all his shooting engagements—and all for nothing! At least I faucied he would think so. Of course I didn't care, only one doesn't like to seem capricious or indifferent ; and unless Conie explained to him the reason of my sudden departure --- , which of cours she wouldn't do. Girls are so thoughtless when they have got all they want themselves, and mothers so inconside rate. What could I be wanted at home ? I felt really injured, the more I ught of it. In fact, I was just going to cry, and did give one sob, when a sort of eche startled me. Not a sob exactly. either; more like a sneeze, a distinct Then another. "Somebody in the next carriage," I thought; bu it came again, loud and unmistakable, from under the end seat in the far corner opposite : and as I looked I saw a hand, a grimy hand, encircled, by a grimier cuff, just visible, resting on the dusty boards beyond the strip of carpet. I didn't scream, but, jumping up, sprang on the seat and seized the communication with the

"Stop!" shouted an imperative I turned and saw the upper halt of the proprietor of the grimy paw emerging from concealment, and the shining barrel of a revolver levelled directly at me. "Pull if you dare. I'm desperate!"

spoke the horrid wretch.

"Fire if you like. I'm desperate too!" I said, but I didn't pull, only kept my hand on the knob and my eyes firmly fixed on the miscreant's face, which became suddenly irradiated with . flendish grin. "Better not. It's fifty pounds if

thing mostly doesn't work." I hesitated, paralyzed by these accu-

mulated considerations; seeing which instantly with a small cane.

"Now look here." He inserted it in the barrel of the revolver, and stretching over to me dropped it gently

on the cushion at my feet.
"Take that! Now you have me at your mercy. It's loaded. I'm defenceess. Put the contents of the whole six chambers into me when and wherever you like, but don't, don't, like a good girl, pull that confounded thing just

"I can't shoot," I replied honestly, "but I can pull, and I don't quite see yet why I shouldn't." I suppose it was foolish to parley in this way, but something in the intruder's face and manner penetrated through the grime and general disreputability of his appearance and spoke in his favor.

His voice was rough and peremptory, but refined in accent and inflection, and besides he never really did look as if he wanted to kill me either. Still he was a repulsive object, I thought, as I stepped gingerly down and secured the revolver. A soldier, a common soldier in a dingy red jacket stained with mud, one sleeve ripped open to the shoulder, and a red smear that was not mud on his cheek-bone. Then he was drenched. saturated, and shining with moisture where he wasn't powdered gray with dust. (No wonder he sneezed, poor

fellow !) "I don't inspire confidence, do I?" he asked; "and I don't deserve it either. I'm a deserter, therefore a thief, making off with this valuable property of her Majesty's"; he glanced quizzically at his dilapidated "That's a good-conduct

stripe," he observed in a casus, helding his arm out.
"Only one," I replied disparagingly. "Why, how long do you think I've erved?" he asked, his merry blue eyes wide with astonishment at my ing with high treason-felony—what was ignorance. "I only enlisted two years ago, and this is the wickedest deed I've rity in some form anyhow. The sight done since. I'm not as black as I of a sergeant's back as we neared the look. If you could only see me when platform decided me. In my pocket

His white teeth flashed out so merrily in accord with his dancing eyes that I felt my own lips twitching in

sympathy. "Ah! you smile? Then it's all right. Now, mayn't I come out of this hole?" He crept forward, keeping with ostentatious care close to the fa manity that reared itself I began to quake again at my rashness in trusting him. He had lugged out with him a mysterious bundle, which he deposited the seat, and gazed first on it and then on me with some embarrassment.

immense amount of trust in me for five minutes or so," he said after pondering

to do will seem suspicious, I am aware, but I can explain it eventually. Do you mind lending me your rug?"

I threw it to him—anything to keep him amiable and unaggressive till we gained Newtead (not many miles off, reflected levelle). gained Newstead (not many miles off, I reflected joyfully). In two minutes he had it fastened up to the rack on either side of the carriage, entirely screening himself from me, all but his boots and about six inches of red-striped trousers above them. What was he going to do? I kept my eyes on those red-striped legs with anxious curiosity. Two hands appeared next, and the hotwater tin was lifted out of view. Then came a sound of anacrewing, of gureling, of acrewing up scale, and then of

splashing. "He's washing!" I thought, suddenly enlightened; "and a very good thing, too. I've got soap in my travelling-bag. I should like to lend it to him; but what is his basin? and oh! what does he do for a towel?" The splashing ceased, and then the red legs discovered altowather; a limp mass splashing ceased, and then the red legs disappeared altogether; a limp mass dropped with a flop on the floor, and down came two brown tweed legs in their place, and then I heard a rustle as of clean linen. "Good gracious, he's dressing!" was my next startled thought; but almost before I had time to think it, down dropped the rug, and there stood my deserter, sprace, clean. there stood my deserter, spruce, clean, tweed-suited, pulling down a pair of inimpeachable wristbands, and settling

s shoulders into his coat.
"There!" he said, pointing to a dingy heap on the floor. "There lie the last relics of Joseph Allen, private in H. M.'s Royal Manx Fusiliers, and here they go." He lowered the win-dow, and one by one the garments flew out into the night. "His boots are all that remain of him," he said re-He lowered the wingretfully; "but you'll overlook those won't you, and not give them over to

offended justice?"
"Why not?" I asked coolly. "Every one of your proceedings is more sus-picious than the last. How do I know that those clothes are honestly come

"But they were," he protested. sold to me by a friend of mine, one James McToldridge, servant to Captain Carrington, of ours, whose discarded rig-out this is; and a pretty penny I paid for it. The beggar knew my extremity. Oh, I forgot! I meant to give you this." This was a copy of he Times, which he presented, had done the revolver, on the end of his stick. "Oblige me by reading the second

advertisement in the agony column."
I did so.

"Jos, dear Jos, if ever you loved your father, return at once. All must be forgotten and forgiven now. Delay of an hour may be fatal. Eveline

Fairmeade." "I'm Jos-never dear Jos that I know of, though. Fairmeade is my home, and my dear old governor the best, kindest old father that ever a scapegrace had, and don't you see that infernal thing is three days old, and she says delay may be fatal?" He turned sharply away for a moment. "Eveline is my step-mother," he went on hurriedly, "miserable little cat, the cause of all trouble. I don't think the dear old governor and I had a word's difference in our lives till she came between us three years ago. It was always settled that I was to go into the army, and she bewitched my father into thinking it a mighty thing for the family when her brother in the city offered to suppose there are an expensive lot of us, and the pater isn't rich—for a dean. my misgivings. She was my mother's Anyhow, it got intolerable at home, so one day I just walked off and enlisted, and not a word of any of them have I heard since, bad or good, till I came purse, and looked out decent lodgings across that this morning." "And couldn't you get away

perly without deserting?" I felt obliged to inquire severely. "Our pay sergeant would have seen ne hanged before he would have for warded a pass for me, and there wasn't time to try him either. I knew I must make a bolt for it if I was to catch this

train, and I know I must get into stead Junction, where there are always non-commissioned officers hanging about (especially as I have to get through without a ticket somehow), so I let the aforesaid McToldridge Jew me out of my last coin, and then hooked it with my bundle across counyou stop the train for nothing. Be- try to Purbrook station, lost my way, les, I am a dead shot. Also, that got bogged in wet clay fields, impaled embankment just as the train stopped, and in through the first open window I aw on the down side half a minute before you entered by the door on the

> "If I had only known?" I exclaimed.

"I'm awfully glad you didn't. Oh, confound it!" he interjected suddenly. us; but my mother nervously shrank "what's this?" He was examining from a return to the old life, and I felt cambric handkerchief that he had drawn from his coat pocket. Diving again into it he produced a gold fusee box, and lastly a thin leather cardcase filled with cards, "Captain Roderick Carrington, Royal Manx Fusiliers," The scoundrel! He's stolen them. am in a hole now.

it's enough to set half the detectives in the place on the lookout for me. I'd go back and give myself up by the next train if it wasu't for the Governor." He was rummaging wildly in his pockets as he spoke, his fair face flushed to the roots of his hair with shame and annoyance. All other pockets had, however, been thoroughly cleaned out, and he sank back with look of blank dismay as the train began to slacken speed before entering the Newstead Junction. "Well, here I go?" he said, suddenly jumping to his feet, "and uncommonly glad you must be to see the last of me. Good-

by."
"Had you not better put on your

hat—that is, if you don't wish to look suspicious? "I suggested. "My hat? By Jove! I haven't one." And totally evercome by this unexpected calamity, he dropped back on the seat, staring helplessly at me and fairly groaning in despair. Was there ever a woman who could resist a chance of rising superior to circumstances, especially if she beholds a poor helpless masculine body crushed and overcome by them? I can't. And then the dear delight of playlay folded a soft green cloth cap, matching my Newmarket. On my head was a hard felt hat, worn to save the trouble of packing it. To whisk it off and the other on, unpin a spotted net veil, snap off the elastic strap close to the brim and toss it across to my amazed fellowpassenger, was literally the work of a

"It's too small, but better than nothing," I said to him; "and here." (for I can't stop half-way in anythingit's my misfortune,) "don't add to your crimes by defrauding the railway company. Here's my one spare sover-eign," and I held it out.

eign," and I held it out. He left his hat on the seat, and made as if he would seize my fingers, sover-eign and all, in both his hands, but

little angel, not a girl at all !" he cried.
"To think of your doing this to help
me when I've been such a brute to you! I can't take your money. I suppose I must, though," in a chap-fallen tone. "I know what I'd rather have twenty times, though." Stu fellow; how he was losing time the train going slower every second!
"What is it?" I asked impatiently.

"I'm a private, which means a com panion of some of the scum of the earth, more or less. I'm a deserter;

return that money, and—yes, one thing more—do you mind shaking hands with me as if I really were a gentle-

I held out the tips of my fingers "Goed-by, Mr. a-a-Allen! I hope you may reach home safely and find all well there." I said very politely and stiffly. The train stopped, and out he sprang, just escaping my protector, the guard, who hustled up escorting two staid, elderly ladies; most unexceptionable fellow-travellers, but who, I secretly rejoiced, had not got in a sta-

tion earlier.
Two mornings later came a note in a handwriting I instinctively recognized. A post-office order for £1, and thanks from a repentant ruffian, already on the way to deliver himself up to the authorities and satisfy outraged justice.' I laughed and half cried as I read.

Poor fellow! What would they do to

him, I wondered? Deserters in books

used to be shot, but I didn't think that

was the case nowadays. Then those clothes! At the sacrifice of a great deal of my dignity I should like to have written an answer, but dared not. I put the note away, and forgot all about it. It and he belonged to a part of my life which already seemed separated by long ages from the dark, cruel present. A foreshadowing of calamity seemed to seize me directly we parted. It was the outer ly we parted. It was that had fringe of the storm-cloud that had already broken over our home. My poor mother! No wonder she wrote briefly and constrainedly. She had no words to tell me in the midst of my pleasure of the ruin that had fallen upon us. A very every-day story! Who cares to hear it? Two ignorant women, a speculative trustee, a commercial crisis—that was all. A great gulfing wave of misfortune seemed suddenly to rise and sweep over us, leaving us stranded and bare, clutching what scraps we could save from the wreck. Kind friends gathered round us, sympathized, counselled, scraped together nore wreckage, put us in the way of beginning life anew. An easy matter for me at nineteen, young, strong, and enterprising; but for mother at nine and forty-my gentle, semi-invalid, delicately-nurtured mother, whose path through life had been on velvet, to whom the roughnesses and coarsenesses of poor living were as grievous evilsalmost minor sins—who had never seen the inside of an omnibus, brushed her own hair, or looked after her own luggage in life-our new beginning was as possible as for an exotic taken from its hot-house and given a fresh start in life in a hedge-row. Small marvel that it skrivels and dies. "Women's hearts don't break for want of a balance at take me into his counting-house. I their banker's," Aunt Hesba answermy misgivings. She was my mother's step-sister, wealthy, childless, and mar-

for us in Camden Town.

I don't care to look back on those days much. Heroines in novels manage, when ruin overtakes them, to turn out clever cooks of dainty dishes, to make their simple dresses fit as no Parisian modiste had ever done, and, with artistic fingers and no expenditure. to convert tawdry lodging-house parlors into graceful boudoirs, keeping all the mufti somehow before we got to New- time their society bloom on them, and losing no grace or charm in the process. I couldn't. After weary apprenticeship I did turn out a fair cook, a good substitute for my mother's maid, and a clever administrator of our small finances, but I had to give body and mind to the work. My hands grew red and my forefinger needle-roughened. I kept our home fresh a d pretty, and on a hedge-stake, scrambled up the had a satisfactory balance-sheet to present to Aunt Hesba every Saturday, when she used to drive over with a ture on domestic economy; but I grew anxious and careworn in the learning.

ried. She was very kind to us, allow-

ed us £2 a week out of her own privy

us; but my mother nervously shrank with a face of dire consternation a fine relieved when one by one acquaintances cambric handkerchief that he had fell away, the gulf between us was so great and so impassable. One day, after enduring a meeting and recognition by two pretty girls on horseback, my fellow bridesmaids at Connie's wedding, I caught sight of my faded, dowdy self in a shop-window. and remembered with a start that it was my twentieth birthday, and that only a year lay between me and the days when life was gay, when I danced and rode, and wore pretty dresses, and accepted the attentions of devoted ad-

Other visitors besides Aunt Hesba

found their way to Camden Town, and

many kind invitations were pressed on

birthday treat "—Aunt Hesba said ultra-graciously when I arrived home. "What should you say to a fortnight at the sea-side?"

A year ago I should have danced and clapped my hands. Now I looked doubtfully at mother, while aunt went on: "We have taken a house on the Leas at Folkestone for two months Your Uncle Peter cannot get away till Saturday fortnight; so if you like to have it mean while you may." Mother looked pleased, I thought; so I let myself be glad. Then followed a busy four days. Gowns, relics of last year, two grotesquely incongruous with our present surroundings to wear now, might fitly be produced there. The sight of pretty things seemed to brighten mother's eyes again. Kind Uncle Peter squeezed a bank-note into my hand one day, saying, "There, mind you, enjoy yourselves," and I recklessly resolved that for one bright fortnight at least household economies should go

to the winds. Folkestone! Fresh, breezy, bracing, sunshiny, frivolous! Down below, rip pling water, brown-sailed fishing-boats, white-hooded bathing machines, sandy legged children, sea-sick arrivals. Ut aloft, bath-chairs, pretty girls in fresh toilets, amiable old gentlemen pottering about with telescopes, officers from Shorncliffe in lights suits of bewildering similarity, and bands crashing merrily in the sunshine. How we enjoyed it all! My mother never tired of watching the pretty evershifting groups on the Leas, and actually found an old

friend or two among them. "Who are those, Minnie?" she asked eagerly one afternoon as I walked beside her bath chair; "they seem to

know us." "Hardly. That is the Dean o Cheltenham and Mrs. Arden, and the ndsome old man is General Laurence Noel. I saw their names at the library," I answered.

But I am sure they looked as if they recognized us," mother persisted.
"I thought I heard the lady say, 'That's
Mrs. Helder,' as I passed. Mrs. Arden Mrs. Helder, as I passed. Mrs. Arden is a sweet, pretty thing, rather over-dressed for a Dean's wife, I think."

I had casually noticed her, a childish little creature, with big eyes and a

curly fringe, who used to nestle up to the side of the portly Dean like a little kitten, except when she was tripping along surrounded by a guard of the light-suited warriors from Shorncliffe. on exasperatingly.

"Oh, do be quick. My guard will be here in a moment. What can I do find the cards of her party of three

of me as long as you were terrified into keeping quiet? Now I am cutting my own throat in cold blood, that's all—decauses, possible and impossible, of the call, and started to get her some fresh books from the library. "Miss Helder, I am sure. Miss Ermengarde Helder," said a gay little

voice unexpectedly, and pretty Mrs.
Arden tripped up to me with outstretched hands. "So sorry not to
find you at home. Let me introduce General Noel-Miss Ermengarde Held-

My name again! The name that I had not heard for years. Long ago I had thought it over-fantastic, and now in these later days of toil and shabbiness it seemed so ill-fitting I had abolshed its use entirely in favor of the

homely Minnie.
.. The Livesays told us who you were and where you were staying, and I felt I must make friends with you before tomorrow evening," she went on, piling up the bewilderment. The Livesays ere kind old neighbors whom I was glad to have found here on mother's account, but why they should have inspired these strangers with a desire to cultivate us, I could not conceive. To-merrow, of course," beamed the old General, "you'll keep a dance for me, Miss Helder. You can't have given away all yet."

"A dance? Oh, the Subscription Ball! But I am not going," I replied, puzzled infinitely.

"I think you are, dear," said little Mrs. Arden, with an arch glance. "Do you know I meant to offer to chaperone you. Such a delightful surprise for somebody! (with a little confidential nod and squeeze of my hand.) But I find Mrs. Livesay means to take you. Good-by! I hope we shall see much of you now"; and with a last arch glance and bewildering little pressure, she led her old General away, after quite a paternal farewell on his part. Arrived at home, I found a com-

mittee of three deciding my destiny. "Of course she must go," I heard Uncle Peter's voice declare through the open window as I waited on the doorstep for admission. He had run down for a night to see how we were getting on. "It's very gratifying really, ma'am, very gratifying! She is a good girl, and has always done her dooty, and deserves the best of

luck. " Quite so," Mrs. Livesay's comfortable, deep contralto boomed out, "but please recollect-not a word!" There was a sudden guilty hush as I entered. Mother's eyes were wet, and her lips tremulous with happy excitement. Mrs. Livesay sat gracious and important with ball-tickets in her hand, and Uncle Peter nodded and blinked benignantly. He pooh-poohed all con-siderations of toilet. "Gowns were to be had for money," he supposed; get one, then," and anything else I wanted. My faint protests were instantly silenced. Mrs. Livesay made practical suggestions. A whirl of pre-paration began on the instant, and continued all next day, till before I had quite done with being astonished I found myself bedecked, bedizened, and on my way to the ball under Mrs. Livesay's

maternal wing.

The rawest debutante never went through greater agonies of shyness and self-mistrust than I did that evening. felt like an owl dragged, rumpled and blinking, to the sunlight from the friendly gloom of his hiding-place, when, close sticking to Mrs. Livesay's black-velvet elbow, I entered the ballroom. I had forgotten how to wear an evening dress or carry a fan. Surely people were looking at me and whisperng. I flushed pink at the thought of what they might be saying. Mrs. Arden waltzed past and flung me a weet little smile, which I was too nervous to return, and as I shrank down into a seat General Noel came

beaming up. "Don't forget our dance, Miss Helder. Only just come, ch? Not got a programme?" and off he trotted to supply

never come back again, and wondering how long the evening would last. Mrs. Livesay became absorbed in converse with some one on the other side of her, and I forlornly smoothed the plumage of my big fan and looked at the tips of my satin toes till I became aware that some one was standing in front of me, also of a delicious fragrance tea-rose, stephanotis, and heliotropethat floated around me. I raised my reluctant glance first to the flowers and then to the bearer. Two laughing blue eyes met mine, and I found myself It was he unmistakably, plus an inch extra moustache, an evening suit, and a diamond stud. His face was demure, ut his eyes danced with fun as he bent over me.
"Miss Helder! I daren't get intro-

mirers. Only a year, and it all so far duced. I'm Joscelyn Arden. I was Thomas Allen, and if you won't recognize me I'm a doomed man.'

I bowed stiffly enough, with flaming

"It's very good of you," he went "You perhaps won't believe me when I tell you I'm in sorer straits now than when you helped me before, and nobody else can save me. Don't look frightened. I'm not a disreputable character now, only a lieutenant in the One-Hundred-and-Twelfth, I was gazetted last month,"

"What can I do for you this time?" I asked, repressing an inclination to

"Will you give me a dance-this

Here General Noel, who had arrived with my programme, gave me a knowing little nod and turned away again, and I rose mechanically as the began. Joscelyn put the bouquet down carefully in my place, and we floated off together.

I began timidly and stupidly, but

after the first few steps all my missing nerve and self-possession seemed sud-denly restored; and the sense of "doing a beautiful thing beautifully" thrilled me to the finger-tips. waltzed and waltzed, not caring to speak, only to sweep gently along together on the wings of the music. All the past year's sordid cares seemed to slide from me, borne away on the sweet swaying notes. The waltz crashed to a sharp chord, and I looked for the first time in my partner's face. It had grown

suddenly grave and anxious.
"Well, come what may, I've had that to the good," he said with a long breath, "even if you never speak to me again. Now let me get your flow-

"Mine?" I asked. "Why, you brought them. "Of course I did-for you. It was a suggestion of my good Uncle Laurie's. You can throw them over the balcony, you know; in fact, you most certainly will do so when you've heard my con fession."

I assumed the bouquet seriously, under protest as it were, and awaited further explanation. We stepped out on the broad moonlighted balcony.

Joscelyn found me a seat and stood bolt upright before me, like a small boy saying a lesson. It did not seem to be an easy one. He looked to sea and then to sky, and then into my face, and then burst into an irrepressible laugh. "I declare it's worse than getting into mufti was that night! I'm to scared to begin. You can't understand

it? Don't you see I didn't know you then, and didn't care what you thought

iberately throwing away every hope of your good opinion forever." He look-ed ruefully at me, but I gave no sign, so he went on. "I never expected my people and you would meet," he began rather shamefacedly; "and when Eve-line said she and Uncle Laurie had heard your name and made a point of "Eveline! Do you mean Mrs. Arwas not fatal?" "Not a bit of it. Of course I must

den?" I broke in, suddenly enlightened; "and the Dean, is he your father? He isn't dead, then? Delay

begin by explaming all that," he went

on, quite briskly. "or you'll never understand. That was Eveline's bit of humbug to get me back at any price.
A nice state of affairs it was at home. incle Laurie back from India unexpectedly with all his millions, wanting to make me his heir, and vowing, if were not produced forthwith, to cut the whole family, here and hereafter. Eveline writing and telegraphing to every commanding officer in the army list-' He broke off to laugh at the recollection. · Fortunately I appeared on the scene in time, and my escapade hit the old boy's fancy exactly. He swore I was a lad of spirit after his own pattern, and came back with me to barrack's next day to see the Colonel and arrange for my discharge. The Colonel was an old chum of his. They squared everything, Carrington included, and brought me home in triumph. I'm a very great person there nowadays, I can tell you. I'm a golden idol, and Eveline the foremost of my worshippers. I'm to stick to my profession, though, we are agreed on that. We sail for Bermuda on Saturday." I smiled approval, but he looked the more downcast.

"Ah! I am shirking the real point of it all-the awful calamity," sighed. "What is it?" I asked encour-

agingly.
It's a she, Miss Flora MacBean, my uncle's ward, the loveliest creature, a real Highland chieftainess, with a castle and a moor and a loch of her own, and a piper and a pibroch, and the deuce knows what—also a fine High-land temper. Poor old Laurie! She is shortening his life by her vagaries; and the one hope left him is to get her off his hands into somebody else's. At one time it occurred to him in the eternal that. things, I ought to be that somebody, and so deliver him from both his responsibilities at one stroke. Please don't laugh. It was very serious, earnest, I assure you, and drove me to my

wits' end to gain time. I heard that orders for Bermuda were coming, and thought if by any means I could stave off the introduction for a month or Here he stopped short, and I waited with an odd feeling of being concerned in what was coming next. · And-in short," he broke out desperately, "I said I was engaged to you; and now the murder's out." The whole place-the sea, the pier

with its black outline against the moonlit water, the whispering couple in the opposite corner—seemed to give a great heave and grow suddenly dim before my sight. When they righted themselves he was gazing into my face with tismayed eyes. "Are you awfully angry?" he whis-

pered. "Don't look like that. If you enew what a bad time I have had ever since I got here this afternoon and heard I was to meet you, you would be satisfied. Mayn't I tell you how it came about?

"I should certainly like to hear that," I said, my voice sounding hard and uncompromising in my own ears.
"It's all dear old Laurie's doing after all. He is no end good, but the veriest old magpie, always prying and poking into other people's secrets. First of all, he got hold of my note to I sat wishing heartily that he would you and read the address (which, by the way. I saw on your travelling-bag). Then he came into my room one day, and I found him chuckling over your hat (with the name in lining, you know). So he put this and that together, and when I positively and utterly refused to spoil my chance of passing my exam by going off to Scotland with him, and Flora had exasperated him by declining to come to Fairmeade, he broke out, Tell me honestly, Jos, does Ermengarde stand in the way? and I jumped at the chance and declared she did. What is she like?' 'The bravest, prettiest, cleverest, most generous of her sex, and the only woman I ever loved in my life."

"How dare you?" I gasped indig-

"Well, it was true-every word ! said we were not engaged, didn't correspond, and, to oblige him, promised I wouldn't. I was ready to wait till I got my company if he liked; and there I thought was the end of the matter, never dreaming that the dear, blundering old donkey would meet you on the Leas, find out all about you from the Livesays, take a mighty fancy to you, and think he was doing us a great thing by giving us this one chance of meeting again. I'll do anything to set things straight—anything that you order me. What shall it be first?" He folded his hands submissively and looked up in my face. I should like to have boxed his ears to begin with. I couldn't think of anything to say half unpleasant enough.

We must first undeceive your uncle," I declared sternly, "as soon as

possible."
"Won't you wait till the end of the week?" pleaded the encroaching youth.
"There's time for the Chieftainess to come down, and I should be absolutely unprotected then. Can't you give me till Saturday and then break it off?" "What! pretend to be in love with you till then?" I began angrily.

"I forgot—I forgot that was in-volved," he interrupted hastily. "Till to-morrow, then—as soon as you like to-morrow. Blight my prospects di-rectly after breakfast if you will, but let us have these last hours unspoiled." "Now, Miss Helder, it's my turn,"

said Uncle Laurie's jovial voice at the window. "I've got a vis-a-vis," and off he carried me without another word from Joscelyn. If I had not heard his explanation, I must have cherished secret doubts of my partner's sanity. He was charmingly paternal, full of jocose allusions to Joscelyn, and of necdotes of "the boy's" and goodness, and evidently bent on establishing confidential relations as soon as possible. I couldn't let it go I felt the tangle getting thicker

with every sentence.
"Did you know I went to St. John's Wood to make your acquaintance?" he asked. "I got the address from Jos but the house was shut up and empty."
"We live in lodgings in Camden
Town now," I replied boldly. We have lost all our fortune, mother a and have only what my uncle allows

The old man looked kindly at me. "Does Jos know that?"
"How should he? We are only chance acquaintances-the very slightest of acquaintances," I said mean-

ingly.
"Good girl! Proper spirit!" I heard
him mutter; then aloud, "Joscelyn is
a good fellow. Money won't matter to
him, you know; but I made him pro-

mise not to think of a wife until he had earned her. When he gets his pany he may talk of marriage."

It was so obviously said for my con-solation that I was exasperated into saying: "You seem to think I am interested in Mr. Arden's future arrange ments. There is some great mistake-

Why, who else should be? Unlessno, you're not thinking of throwing the boy over! God bless my soul! It reduced to ashes in 1861 by an acci-will be the ruin of the lad—the ruin, dental fire, and in 1865 there was a I tell you! I've seen it a dozen times. Don't, my dear, don't! I dare say you have been annoyed at his not exlaining himself, but you see how it has happened."

"I don't want him to explain him elf," I persisted in an agony of impa-I don't want to be engaged ience. o him at all."

" Is it the long waiting you are afraid of, my dear? I dare say it is trying, naturally. Well, don't fret, and if the boy goes on well something may be set-"But I don't want anything settled."

I protested, almost crying. "Do let me tell you how it all arose." "Not now, dear-not now. on it before you do anything final. To-

morrow-to-morrow. "First thing in the morning. Where?" I persevered.

" I walk to the end of the Leas every morning with my early cigar. There's a nice quiet corner and seats there. Is half-past 8 too early? No! Then come, and we'll have a sensible talk. Ah! you young lovers may be glad of an old fogy's help now and then in your small difficulties." "But we are not lovers," I was

wrathfully declaring when the aggravating old gentleman bowed and left me. I had plenty of partners and dancing for the rest of the evening. though Joscelyn never came near m again. It came to an end at last, and got home and to bed, where I lay tossing and trying to invent the most lucid, forcible statement of the case that word could give for the enlightenment of Uncle Laurie to-morrow, dropping off to sleep in the middle of my most telling sentences to dream of Joscelyn, who always knew what I was going to say next and wouldn't tell. Morning came at last. Joscelyn's flowers, which I had not had the heart to throw away after all, greeted me with their fresh fragrance from my dressing-table, could not resist fastening one creamy bud in my plain brown coat as I dressed for the interview. Mother was safe for another hour, I knew, so I

slipped down stairs softly and out into fresh, sunny, salt-smelling morning. I had the place to myself, I thought for a moment, till I heard some footsteps behind overtaking mine. I hurried; so did they. I would not look up, and felt provoked to see the two shadows preceding us in such close companionship. The General's sturdy gray figure advanced to meet us, radiant "Well, Master Jos, who said you

might come? " "If a criminal has any right any where, it is at his own trial," said a demure voice at my elbow. "I have

ome to plead guilty. I was glad to have him there after all. He began at once and told the whole story of our meeting so comi-cally that the General nearly choked with laughter, and I began to see the fun of it for the first time. He confessed his dread of the Chieftainess and the straits he had been driven to to avoid her; and I solemnly produced the one letter I had ever received from him, which set the dear old boy off again till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"But what are we to do?" he inwired anxiously, in the midst of his hilarity. "I've gone and told everybody, in strict confidence. But still they know it." "Tell them I've broken it off and

haved atrociously," I implored. "Couldn't do it," Joscelyn declared. Such a story would be in horrid bad taste coming from our side. You may say so if you like. Only think of our mother's feelings if it gets round to her."

I did think, and was direfully per-

plexed. ... Just let things slide," he pleaded. · Only be civil when we meet in pubic. Only till Saturday!"

"Do, my dear," begged the kind old General; "don't make me look an old fool. You and Jos can give it up, or keep it on by letter afterward, just as you like. You shan't be compre-mised."

What could I do? What am I to do? Joscelyn and his uncle have kept their promises to the letter, but Mrs. Arden has told my mother that she already loves me as a daughter, and the Dean has taken to calling me "Ermengarde, my dear." Aunt Hesba has ome down and regards me with grim not a nervous thing to do. She said : approval, and Uncle Peter and the General have had a long and mysterious consultation, of which the latter only reports that if the General acts as andsome as he promises, he'll find that others can come down 'andsome

on their side, too." Joscelyn behaves beautifully. He is leasant and quietly attentive, more to nother than me, in public, and in the ete-a-tetes to which people persist in driving us, so touchingly penitent and deferential that I cannot succeed in detesting him as I could wish.

Only till Saturday !" he says now and then apologetically.
"Only till to-morrow," it is by this

time. If he says that again as he did just now, I shall break down. "You have nearly got rid of me, Miss Helder. Only a few hours more, and I shall have sailed. Then I sup pose you'll sit down joyfully and write our letter of dismissal, to go by the first mail."

"I suppose I shall." (Why won't ny voice keep steady?) "But I give you fair warning. Write what you will, I shall not read that letter. This has all been a hideous blunder, and once safely out of it, I shall-"

" What?" "Come home on leave first chance I get and begin it all over again." "Then, Joscelyn-"

"What, my Ermengarde?" "Perhaps—I had better not write that letter at all." And I never shall.

[New York World.] New York has had its share of the reat fires of history. As far back as

1741 there was a conflagration which

wzs traced to incendiaries, and seven persons were hanged. In 1776 fire destroyed 493 houses in Broadway. laying an eighth of the city in ashes. Two years later flames which started on an East-river wharf destroyed 300 buildings. In December, 1804, forty warehouses in Wall and Front streets were burned. The conflagration of 1835 destroyed the business portion of the city east of Broadway and north of Wall street. Six hundred and fortyeight large warehouses were burned, and the loss was estimated at \$18,000,-000. In July, 1845, the same district was visited by another fire, attended with a loss of \$5,000,000. In 1848 500 houses in Brooklyn were destroyed

about twice a year regularly from the time of the discovery of gold in 1849 till 1852, owing to the crowded condition of the wooden houses. Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was burning when Sherman entered it on February 17, 1865, and very little was saved. Richmond was fired when the Confed-"Stop, stop, my dear! Interested? erates evacuated it in April, 1865, and the entire business portion of the city was burned. Charleston, S. C., was fire, followed by an explosion of a war powder-magazine, and two hundred persons were killed. Portland, Me., was half destroyed on July 4, 1866, by a fire which started from the explosion

of a fire-cracker.

The most destructive conflagration which ever occurred in the United States was that of Chicago, October 8 and 10, 1871. It broke out in a shed near the lumber-yards in the southwest part of the city. The legend is that Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lamp when young people went out to milk her at night in order to make an oysterstew. The conflagration swept over ,100 acres, destroying 17,450 buildings, and 98,500 persons were made homeless. Two hundred people were

burned or killed by falling buildings. The loss was \$198,000,000. Boston was in 1872 visited by a conflagration second in extent only to that in Chicago. It began November 9th. and ended November 11th. Seventy acres were burned over and 800 buildings destroyed. The value of the pro perty burned was \$80,000,000. teen lives were lost. It was said to have been started by a hod-carrier dropping a coal from his pipe. London, Paris, Yeddo, Constantin cow, Copenhagen, and Carthage, Bagdad, and Nineveh have also been licked

up by flames in their time.

Here and There, De Lesseps has raised, all told, for his Panama project \$153,500,000, but the backbone of a continent is hard to irill through.

The Japanese cats'-eyes, which are now fashionable ornaments, are the polished hinge or thick knob at the inge of a pearl oyster.

Herr Joest, the African explorer, has been telling the Berlinese how, during his late travels in Zululand, he found the remains of Cetewayo, unburied, shut up in a hut and mourned over for two months by 500 women.

The Macintosh of Macintosh has leared some of the best pastures in Inverness-shire, where 10,000 sheep and hundreds of cattle have fed, and has swept away two of the best farms in the district in order to make a new deer

When the King of Portugal was in England Queen Victoria presented Edwin Landseer to his Majesty as a painter whose works she had been collect eg. "Ab, Sir Edwin," exclaimed the King, "delighted to make your acquaintance. I was always very fond of

In the Samaritan synagogue at Naplous there is an altar covered with a veil of yellow silk, and within this altar is kept a manuscript, written, it is claimed, by Abishua, the son of Phineas, 3,500 years ago. It is seen by the congregation but once a year, when elevated above the priest's head on the Day of Atonement.

In 1850 Cecil county was represented in the Maryland Legislature by the late Hiram McCullough in the Senate and R. L. Thomas, Sr., in the House. In the Legislature soon to meet Clinton Mc-Cullough goes to the Senate and R. L. Thomas, Jr., goes to the House. The legislators of this generation are sons of the legislators of the last.

An authority on Japanese fashions avs that the obi, or broad band worn by Yum Yum and her sisters in the ot a sash at all, but a sort of swathing fold, wound about the body, and obviating the need of both corsets and buttons, as Japanese women do not use either of these aids in making up their costumes.

Nicholas Mercurisnaoglowitz, attired in a big, rough, white sheep-skin cloak, untanned top-boots, sheep-skin trousers, and a ram's-head woollen-cap, came up by the steamer Eider on Saturday among the immigrants landed at Castle Garden. Mercurisnoaglowitz comes from the borders of Russia, Poland, and other territories. His son, who is working in coal-mines near Reading. sent out for him.

"The Queen," says a paragraph in the Greville Memois, "wrote to her family and announced her marriage to them. When she saw the Duchess of Gloucester in town and told her she was to make her declaration the next day, the Duchess asked her if it was Yes, but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago." "What was that?" "I proposed to Prince Albert."

SCALD-HEAD,

SCALD-HEAD,
MILK-CRUST, DANDRUFF, ECZEMA, AND ALL SCALP
HUMORS CURED BY
CUTFEURA.

Last November my littld boy, aged three years, fell against the stove while he was running, and cut his head, and, right after that, he broke out all over his head, face, and left ear. I had agood doctor, Dr.—
to attend him, but he got worse, and the doctor could not cure him. His whole head, face, and left ear were in a fearful state, and he suffered terribly. I caught the disease from him, and it spread all over my face and neck and even got into my eyes. Nobody thought we would ever get better. I felt sure we were disagured for life. I heard of the Cuticura Remedias, and procured a bottle of a tricura Resolvest, a box of Cuticura, and a cake of Cuticura.

Soap, and used them constantly day and night. After using two bottles of Resolvest, tour boxes of Cuticura, and four cakes of Soap, we are perfectly cured without a scar. My boy's skin is now like satin. LILLE EPTING.

371 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.
Sworn to before me this 27th day of March, 1885.

Giddlert P. Robinson, J. P.

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than any medicine i ever took. I advise
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CONSUMPTION.

NOW, TAKE IN TIME TAYLOR'S CHEROKEEREMEDY Of SWEET GUM and MULLEIN.

WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

COURT ORDERS. VIRGINIA-IN THE CIRCUIT V COURT OF THE CITY OF RICH-MOND, NOVEMBER 13, 1885;

IN DEBT AND UPON AN ATTACHMENT.

The object of this suit is forecover axis inside defendents the sum of seven hundre and seventy three doffais and twenty mineents, with interest from Sovember 1. I see due the Commonwealth of Virginia by John M. Carroll, late treasurer of the city stanton, on his official bond, and to at tach the following properly becoming a thesaid John M. Carroll—low Wit: Five share of stock of the Staunton Life Association of Virginia—par value, one hundred dolars per share; twenty shares of stock of the Augusta National Bank, of Staunton Va.—par value, one hundred dolars be share; sax hundred dolars in the Augusta National Bank, of Staunton Va.; to series of land on the west side of the Value turnpike, in the county of Association National Bank, of Stannion, Va. 16th acres of land on the west sade of the Valley turnpike, in the county of Augustia, adjoining the lands of W. P. Tanas, E. L. Edmondson, and others: two houses and loss on the west side of New street in the city of Stannion, but in the same property conveyed to John M. Carroil by deed of Margaret A. Larew and others of date July 28, 1870, and of record in the citr's other of the Court of Hastings for the city of Stannion, D. B. 5, page 400 Lat No. 4, fronting 87% feet on New street and running tack 132 feet, and also conveyed to the said Carroil by deed of William E. Craig, trustee, of date February I. 1879, and of record in the said clerks office as hast aforesaid, D. B. 98, page 107; Lot No. 3, fronting on New street 77 feet and running back 132 feet.

And affidavit having been made and filed that the defendant, John M. Carroil, is a non-resident of this State, it is ordered that the appear here within one month after due publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect the interest in this Suit.

A copy—Teste.

Alfred SHELLD, Clerk.

Alfred New Alfred SHELLD, Clerk.

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